

Here's
a New
One

A book of

AFTER
DINNER
STORIES

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Here's a New One

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A Book of After Dinner Stories

By
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A PERSONAL QUESTION

At Denver a few weeks ago a colored woman presented herself at a registration booth with the intention of enrolling and casting her first vote in the ensuing election.

She gave her name, her address and her age; and then the clerk of registration asked this question:

“What party do you affiliate with?”

The woman's eyes popped out.

“Does I have to answer dat question?” she demanded.

“That is the law,” he told her.

“Den you jes' scratch my name offen dem books,” she said. “Ef I got to tell his name I don't want to vote. Why, he ain't got his divorce yit!”

And out she stalked.

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DECEITFULLY POLITE

An Irishman was going along the road when an angry bull rushed at him and tossed him over a fence.

The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon looking up, saw the bull pawing and tearing up the grounds, as is the custom of the animal when irritated, whereupon he smiled at the animal and said:

"If it was not for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, *faix*, I should think that you'd thrown me over this fence on purpose."

HE COULDN'T TELL

Theodore Lane, who resided at the home of his parents, had a toothache the other morning. It was a bad toothache, too, and Theodore let the neighborhood know all about it. But when his father got home that evening (this is according to his father) the boy was calm and seemed at peace.

"Has your tooth stopped aching, Teddy?" asked Theodore, Sr.

"I don't know," answered the youngster.

"Don't know? Why, what do you mean?"

"It's out."

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GOT WHAT HE COULD

The great specialist's patient, after many weeks of treatment, had at last been declared cured of an "incurable" disease, and with a grateful feeling he asked the physician the amount of his bill.

"That depends, my dear sir," said the specialist. "Whenever I treat a man I always make it a point to determine his occupation and how large a family he has to support. Then I make out my bill accordingly. May I ask what you do for a living?"

"I am a poet," replied the patient soulfully.

"In that case," said the physician, "if you will give me the money in cash now, it'll be a dollar and a half."

HARD TO FORGET

"Beg pardon, sir," observed the tough-looking waiter, suggestively. "Gentlemen at this table usually — er — remember me, sir."

"I don't wonder," said the customer, cordially. "That mug of yours would be hard to forget."

And he picked up his bill and strolled leisurely in the direction of the cashier.

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"AND THEY KICK, TOO"

Pat was standing near the car track when he noticed an automobile coming up the street, and to be safe he stepped back a little.

The auto went past, and, just as it was passing, the driver had an occasion to turn off the track. When he did, the auto skidded on the track, causing the back end of it to swing around, striking Pat and knocking him down.

Pat was seen to get up and look after the car and say, "Now p'hat do ye think o' that? Whin ye stand in front o' thim, they run over ye; and whin ye git out o' the way to let thim pass, they turn around and kick ye."

SAID IN PASSING

"Speak about sloppiness in women! there's a first-class example across the street," grunted the woman-hater, pointing to a woman opposite them. "See how she holds one side of her skirts up above her knees and lets the other drag along in the mud. That's a sloppy woman, that is!"

"I'll speak to her about it," quietly annexed his companion.

"Eh! You know her?"

"Yes. She's my wife."

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AGAIN THE WEATHER

"Depressing sort of a day this," said the guest at a small hotel, sitting down to breakfast. "Yes, sir," replied the waiter. "Even the milk, you will notice, has got the blues badly."

TOO MUCH HOT AIR

"How will you have your hair cut, sir?" said talkative barber to the man in the chair.

"Minus conversational prolixity."

"How's that, sir?"

"With abbreviated or totally eliminated narration."

"— er — don't quite catch your meaning, sir."

"With quiescent mandibulars."

"Which?"

"Without effervescent verbosity," impatiently exclaimed the customer, who was rapidly showing signs of anger because the tonsorial artist in charge of the second chair had failed to grasp the import of his explanations.

"Sir?"

"Let diminutive colloquy be conspicuous by its absence."

The hairdresser scratched his head thoughtfully for a second and then went over to the proprietor of the shop with the whispered remark:

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"I don't know whether that gentleman in my chair is mad or a foreigner, but for the life of me I cannot find out what style he wants his hair cut."

The proprietor went to the waiting customer and said politely:

"My assistant doesn't seem to understand you, sir. How would you like your hair cut?"

"In silence."

The proprietor gave a withering look at his assistant, while the latter began work and felt so utterly crushed that he never even asked his patient if he'd buy a bottle of hair restorer.

THE APPARITION

The night watchman of a large hotel saw an apparition in white moving along the hall at 2 A. M. He hastened his steps and tapped on the shoulder what proved to be a man. "Here, what are you doing out here?" asked the watchman.

The man opened his eyes and seemed to come out of a trance.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I am a somnambulist."

"Well," said the watchman, "you can't walk around these halls in the middle of the night in your night shirt, no matter what your religion is."

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HOGS HAD ALL GONE

A story that caused much amusement was told around the ticker in Wall Street offices concerning B. A. Worthington, president of the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

In the summer of 1911 Mr. Worthington took his family to a farmhouse in Indiana, where quiet and rest seemed to be assured. Close by, however, was a pig sty, the presence of which was indicated under certain wind conditions. Mr. Worthington planned to go there again this year, but wrote the farmer that the piggery would have to be attended to before he engaged accommodations.

The farmer's reply was brief:

"Can accommodate you all right. There have been no hogs on the place since you left."

A LEGAL OPINION

"A cat sits on my back fence every night and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I don't want to have any trouble with neighbor Jones, but this thing has gone far enough, and I want you to tell me what to do."

The young lawyer looked as solemn as an old sick owl, and said not a word.

"I have a right to shoot the cat, haven't I?"

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"I would hardly say that," replied young Coke Blackstone. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

"No, but the fence does."

"Then," concluded the light of law, "I think it safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

HEARD DOUBLE

A lanky country youth entered the crossroads general store to order some groceries. He was fourteen years old and was passing through that stage of adolescence during which a boy seems all hands and feet, and his vocal organs, rapidly developing, are wont to cause his voice to undergo sudden and involuntary changes.

In an authoritative, rumbling bass voice, he demanded of the busy clerk: "Give me a can of corn" (then, his voice suddenly changing to a shrill falsetto, he continued) "and a sack of flour."

"Well, don't be in a hurry. I can't wait on both of you at once," snapped the clerk.

KANSAS MEDICINE

Mayor Gaynor, at a luncheon in Brooklyn, said to a Prohibitionist: "It is spissitudinous on your part to think that prohibition would

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succeed in cosmopolitan New York. Prohibition would do worse here than in Kansas.

"You know how it does there. There liquor can only be sold as a medicine. As a New York visitor was buying a tooth brush in a Kansas drug store one afternoon a brawny cowboy entered with a four-gallon demijohn. He plumped the great wicker demijohn down on the counter, the druggist looked at him inquiringly, and he said:

" ' Fill her up, Jim. Baby's took bad.' "

THE DEDUCTION

Gen. Dabney H. Maury of the Confederate Army used to tell a story about his faithful negro boy, Jim, the son of his old mammy, whom he took with him to the war. The general was not a large man, except in the traits which made great men and great soldiers.

After the battle of Corinth, where he was promoted to the rank of major general on the battlefield, he came into his tent and called his servant. "Jim," he said, "when you make up my cot, tuck those blankets well in at the feet. My feet stick out all night."

Looking up at him with an amused look, Jim said: "Marse Dabney, you ain't growed none, is you, since you got promoted yesterday?"

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PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

"'Bleeged to you, sah," said a disgruntled looking negro who had edged his way into the office of a prominent Arkansas attorney, "and I wants to git a d'vorce fum muh wife on de grounds dat she has done been th'owin' things at me for de last several yeahs."

"Ah! And have any of the missiles seriously injured you? "

"Sah? No, sah! She didn't th'ow none o' dem saft-uh ar-tickles at me; she dess flung dishes, and stove han'les, and skillets, and a 'casional cat or dog or suppin' datuhway. And dey didn't none of 'em hit me; that is, 'twill yit. But wid all dis yuh practizin' some o' dese days she gwine to git to be what day call a expert, and bust mah haid!"

INQUISITOR

A small boy whose father had just died was being interviewed by an inquisitive friend about the facts of his father's death. He had been asked what his father died of, when he died, how old he was when he died and when he was to be buried. Finally the questioner said: "And what were your father's last words, dear? "

To which the youth replied, "He didn't have no last words. Mother was with him to the last."

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FAIR TO MIDDLEIN'

"Well, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to currycomb a bay horse. "Mean' this here hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen years."

"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's seven-dollar salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay."

WHAT HE HAD

He was an artist, and the humdrum life in the butcher's shop vexed his noble spirit. Somehow, selling scrag of mutton and the best end of the neck was not appreciated by his artistic temperament, and so he went to London, where talent is recognized and paid for — sometimes.

For a time he wrote glowing letters home. Then there came silence.

"Success," reflected his sorrowing parents, "has been too much for him. He has forgotten us. Alas, alas!"

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But he hadn't, for, one evening, just as his father was sitting down to supper and preparing to enjoy his humble chop, a small boy brought a note.

"Dear Dad," it read, "please meet me by the old bridge at midnight, and bring with you a shirt, a waistcoat and a jacket. I have a hat. John."

THE TRAIN ROLLED ON AND ROLLED BADLY

He had reached that stage of intoxication where he felt it necessary to show those in the smoking car who had not already noticed it, the size of the package he was taking home upon him.

Fixing a watery eye upon an inoffensive old gentleman opposite who was trying to read the evening paper and was having difficulty owing to the feeble light, he leaned forward and volunteered this:

"Ol' Hancock was the wise guy, eh? "

Nothing doing.

The bibulous person reached out and gave the old gentleman's paper a pull, and said:

"I say, ol' chap; Hancock knew what he was talkin' 'bout, what? "

"I guess so," replied the old gentleman wearily.

"Said the tariff was er local issue, didn't he?

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Well, ain't it? " and getting no response: " Pr'aps you ain't interested in the tariff? "

The tormented one allowed that he was not interested, and quiet reigned for a moment. Then a new idea struck the befuddled one. Perhaps the old gentleman was fond of music, and taking the affirmative for granted he broke forth into song, essaying " Marching Thro' Georgia." Some trouble developed in his upper register and he was fishing around for a lower note to start with when the guard entered and the solo became a concerted number helped out by suggestions from the other passengers. Finally the guard got in a question:

" Say, young feller, where do you get off? "

" Oh, sometimes one place; sometimes another."

" Well, where do you get off tonight? "

(Loftily) " 'S immaterial; am ' erston ' ? "

" Well, suppose you get off at the next stop? "

The drunk again assured the " L " man that it was immaterial to him, and to prove it he got off as suggested.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

An American traveling in Europe engaged a courier. Arriving at an inn in Austria, the

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man asked his servant to enter his name in accordance with the police regulations of that country. Some time after the man asked the servant if he had complied with his orders.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"How did you write my name?" asked the master.

"Well, sir, I can't pronounce it," answered the servant, "but I copied it from your portmanteau, sir."

"Why, my name isn't there. Bring me the book."

The register was brought and, instead of the plain American name of two syllables, the following entry was revealed:

"Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather."

A PERPLEXED CHILD

"Papa," said a little girl who had been looking on while her father was building a furnace fire, which had gone out because the grate had become clogged with clinkers, "I read in a book yesterday that the good die young."

He wiped the blood from his bruised wrist and turned to look at his daughter.

"Well, what about it?" he asked.

"Is it true?"

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"I dunno. I guess so."

"If it is, I'm not surprised that you grew up, but I wonder how mamma managed to pull through."

HONORS WERE EVEN

A fat man could not help laughing one day at the ludicrous appearance of a very bowlegged chap — one of those arch-looking chaps you know.

Though a total stranger to him the fat man slapped the bowlegged chap on the back and said:

"By jingo, brother, you look as if you'd been ridin' a barrel."

The bowlegged man smiled and poked his forefinger deep into the fat man's loose, soft stomach.

"And you look as if you'd been swallowin' one," he said.

EXPLAINED

The steamboat came splashing along her course at full speed and the first thing the passengers knew she had crashed dead on into the pier.

"Mercy!" cried a passenger, as the splinters flew, "I wonder what is the matter?"

"Nothin'," said Pat, one of the deck hands. "Nothin', ma'am — ut looks to me as if the captain just forgot that we shtop here."

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"Hello!"

"Well."

"Is this the gas company?"

"Yes."

"My gas bill for last month is one dollar and fifty cents."

"Well?"

"That is away off, and" —

"Just one moment, please."

"Well?"

"In the first place, our men who read the meters are not in the habit of making mistakes."

"But, you see, we" —

"We employ capable fellows who know their business, and it is utterly impossible for a mistake to be made. They turn in their figures after a careful examination of the meter, and a most competent office force here does the rest. If you were charged one dollar and fifty cents for gas last month, you may be dead certain that you burned exactly that much and no more."

"But I wanted to" —

"There is no use declaring your house has been closed and you have been out of town. The bill will have to be paid or we will take out your meter."

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"Oh, I'm perfectly willing to pay the dollar and fifty cents."

"Then what are you kicking about?"

"And this is not a kick."

"It isn't?"

"No. I merely wanted to state that we burned gas night and day during the month, owing to sickness, and that the bill should have been at least ten dollars. Of course, if you don't want to correct it, I'm perfectly satisfied. How about it?"

But the man in the gas office had collapsed.

A SHARP BUYER

An Irishman passing a shop where a notice was displayed saying that everything was sold by the yard thought he would play a joke on the shopman, so he entered the shop and asked for a yard of milk. The shopman, not in the least taken aback, dipped his fingers in a bowl of milk and drew a line a yard long on the counter. Pat, not wishing to be caught in his own trap, asked the price.

"Sixpence," said the shopman.

"All right, sorr," said Pat. "Roll it up; I'll take it."

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TAKING THE COUNT

A doctor in an Iowa town had been very busy for several days and was worn out and sleepy when he got to bed one morning about two o'clock.

Just as he dropped off a summons came from a house half a mile away. The lady of the house, the call said, was dying of a heart difficulty.

The sleepy doctor got into his clothes somehow and went to the house, where the patient — a very stout woman — was in bed, breathing stertorously.

The doctor could find nothing specially wrong, but the woman was panicky.

"Cough!" he ordered. She could not. Then he put his ear over her heart and said: "Count slowly."

Next thing he knew he woke to hear the woman counting faintly:

"Ten thousand and forty-seven — ten thousand and forty-eight —"

THE DEAL FELL THROUGH

He had been drinking. That was very evident to the woman who came to the door in answer to his ring.

"Shay," he began, after looking up and down

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the street nervously, "you put advertisement (hic) in paper shmorning?"

"I did," she replied.

"You shed you (hic) would give good home to cat."

"Yes; have you a cat you wish to get rid of?"

"Besher life!" he replied heartily.

She was about to ask for further particulars when a stockily built, angry-looking woman stopped at the gate and motioned to the man.

"Jake, you drunken fool, come down here to me this minute!"

"Thash her — thash old cat I want to get a home for," he whispered. "Shay, when" —

The lady who wanted the feline, however, quickly closed and locked the door, while her caller slunk down the steps and was led away by the ear.

DIGS THEM OUT

"Do you have any literary people in your town?" asked a guest of Mr. Booth Tarkington out in Indiana.

"There goes Hiram Spaydes — that man with the pick and shovel on his shoulder," replied Mr. Tarkington. "He has produced some of the best cellars every season."

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MAD AS A WET HEN

"Billy," exclaimed Mrs. Brow, "why are you carrying that big pail of water down to the chicken yard?"

"Why, mamma, I'm goin' ter pour it on that old speckled hen."

"You naughty boy! What are you going to torture a poor dumb creature for?"

"Quitther kiddin' me, ma. I only wanted to find out how mad you'd be if papa went to the banquet of the Tough Knut Society tonight. Papa said over the 'phone that you'd be as mad as a —"

He didn't need to finish. The poor kid found out right then how mad his mamma would be.

WHAT HE POSSESSED

An Italian organ grinder possessed a monkey which he "worked" through the summer months. When the cool days of fall came his business fell off and he discontinued his walks and his melodies. An Irishman of his acquaintance offered him ten cents a day for the privilege of keeping and feeding the little beast. The bargain was made for a month.

Great curiosity filled the mind of the Italian, and at last, unable to restrain himself, he went

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ostensibly to see his pet, but really to find out what possible use Pat could make of the monkey. The Irishman was frank.

"It is loike this," he said: "I put up a pole in me back yard with the monk on the top. Tin or twelve thrains of cars loaded with coal go by ever' even. There's thramps on every car. Every wan takes a heave at the monk. Divil a man has hit him, but Oi have seventeen tons of coal."

ALSO COMIC

First Shining Light (in the colored church) — "Ah don't believe in callin' dis heah society de Ladies' Auxiliary. Dat's imitatin' de white folks."

Second Shining Light — "Den wot will we call it?"

First Shining Light — "Well, wot's de mattah wid callin' it de 'Colored Supplement?'"

AT THE BALL GAME

"Clarence, dear," said young Mrs. Putney, "I want to ask you something. Suppose the man who throws the ball hits the man behind the bat —"

"Yes?"

"Does he get a cigar or anything?"

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A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT

Dean Stanley was once visiting a friend who gave one of the pages strict orders that in the morning he was to go and knock at the Dean's door, and when the Dean inquired who was knocking he was to say: "The boy, my Lord." According to directions he knocked and the Dean asked: "Who is there?" Embarrassed by the voice of the great man the page answered: "The Lord, my boy."

JUSTIFIED

Pat and Mike were working on a new building. Pat was laying brick and Mike was carrying the hod. Mike had just come up to the fourth floor, when the dinner whistle blew. His lunch was on the ground. "I hate to walk down after it," he said.

"Take hold of this rope," said Pat, "and I'll let you down." Pat let him down half-way and then let go of the rope. Mike landed in the mortar bed not much hurt, but terribly mortified.

"And why did ye let go of the rope?" he demanded.

"I thought it was going to break," said Pat, "and I had presence of mind enough to let go."

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NOT HIM

While in Boston a while ago I went over to East Boston on the ferry. There was a steam shovel at work out in the harbor and I was standing watching it. Suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned around to find a son of Erin standing there. "Say," said he, "isn't this a wonderful country? By gorry, now just look at that thing goin' down there, now, look at it, isn't that wonderful? But say, ould man, I wouldn't want to be the guy at the bottom filling that thing up, would ye? "

GRATEFUL

A good old Irish pastor was thanking his congregation for the many Easter offerings and his tremulous voice told how great was his pleasure.

"I wish to thank the congregation," he said, "for the many beautiful gifts from my people this glorious Easter Sunday. The plate donations were far in excess of my expectations, the candles were many and freely contributed, and the flowers were simply beautiful; but I want to say right here and now that the thing that touched my heart the most was whin little Mary Killy walked oop the aisle an' laid an egg on the altar."

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WHY OF COURSE

"Stockings?" said the salesman. "Yes, ma'am. What number do you wear?"

"What number?" snapped the stern-visaged lady. "Why, two, of course. Do you take me for a centipede?"

AND THEN SOME

"What sort of a bridge expert is Wombat?"

"He's what we call an Ibsen expert."

"An Ibsen expert?"

"Yes; he makes some mighty queer plays."

COULD REACH IT

A temperance lecturer was enthusiastically denouncing the use of all intoxicants.

"I wish all the beer, all the wine, all the whiskey in the world was at the bottom of the ocean," he said.

Hastily Pat rose to his feet.

"Sure, and so do I, sor," he shouted.

As they were leaving the hall the lecturer encountered Pat.

"I certainly am proud of you," he said. "It was a brave thing for you to rise and say what you did. Are you a teetotaler?"

"No, indade, sor. I'm a diver."

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A COSTLY VIRTUE

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, apropos of Washington's Birthday, said in Danville:

"Washington was veracious. Veracity, I suppose, worked better in those days. It's a virtue now that often costs its owner dearly. A Danville man howled downstairs from his den the other night:

" 'Who the dash-blank-asterisk went and broke my new meerschaum pipe? ' "

"Little Willie, mindful of the approach of February 22, shouted back in cheery tones:

" 'I done it, pop. I cannot lie.' "

" 'You can't, eh? ' roared the father, rushing downstairs, strap in hand. ' Well, you won't be able to sit, either, when I get through with you! ' "

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE IRISH

Mrs. Hennessey, who was a late arrival in the neighborhood, was entertaining a neighbor one afternoon, when the latter inquired:

"An' what does your old man do, Mrs. Hennessey? "

"Sure, he's a di'mond-cutter." "

"Ye don't mane it! "

"Yis; he cuts th' grass off th' baseball grounds." "

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A DISTINCTION

One would have it that a collie is the most sagacious of dogs, while the other stood up for the setter.

"I once owned a setter," declared the latter, "which was very intelligent. I had him on the street one day, and he acted so queerly about a certain man we met that I asked the man his name, and —"

"Oh, that's an old story!" the collie's advocate broke in sneeringly. "The man's name was Partridge, of course, and because of that the dog came to a set. Ho, ho! Come again!"

"You're mistaken," rejoined the other, suavely. "The dog didn't come quite to a set, though almost. As a matter of fact, the man's name was Quayle, and the dog hesitated on account of the spelling."

THE CHAMPION OPTIMIST

We award the championship diamond belt for optimism to a resident of one of the rural districts of Scotland. As the story goes, an old man was sitting on the roof of his house during a flood, watching the waters flow past, when a neighbor, who possessed a boat, rowed across to him.

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"Hello, Bill," he said.

"Hello, Sam," replied the other.

"All your fowls washed away this mornin', Bill? "

"Yes, but the ducks can swim."

"Apple trees gone, too, eh? "

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the river's reached above your windows."

"That's all right, Sam! Them windows needed washin'!"

POETS, READ THIS

He was a poet, with long hair and all, and for a time she was tickled to death at the novelty of holding hands with him on the sofa. But after a time she tried hints, but they went in one poetic ear and out the other, like water off a duck's back, and the night our story opens she spoke right out.

"Algernonie," she said. "Sunday night when you came around, you wrote a sonnet to my left eyebrow, didn't you? "

"Yes, love, I did," he returned, putting one hand on his bosom to keep it from swelling with pride.

"Tuesday night, when you called," she con-

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tinued, "you composed a triolet to my nether lip, didn't you?"

"Yes, love," he admitted, "I did."

"Wednesday night, during your call," she pursued, "you dashed off a roundel to my dimples, didn't you?"

"Yes, love," he smiled, "dashed off is good. But there, there, don't mention it."

"And didn't it ever occur to you," she said earnestly, "that a girl might sometimes wish for something more substantial?"

"Darling, you are right!" he cried. "This very evening shall I write an ode in blank verse to your entire face."

She walked sadly to the foot of the stairs.

"Father," she called regretfully, "put on your storm shoes and come down."

THE SUFFRAGETTE

The female suffrage orator stood upon her platform and looked over the sea of faces.

"Where would man be today were it not for woman?" she inquired. She paused a moment.

"Again I repeat," she said, "where would man be today were it not for woman?"

"In the Garden of Eden," answered a male voice from the rear.

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BY WAY OF ENGLAND

Mr. Champ Clark has the happy knack of being able to parry inconvenient interruptions with some smart retort that immediately squashes the opposition. He was speaking at a rather noisy meeting not long ago, and after a short time a big chunk of wood was thrown at him. Fortunately, the aim was bad, and it fell harmlessly on the platform.

Mr. Clark picked it up and showed it to the audience.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed in tones of mock anxiety, "one of our opponents has lost his head!"

COURTESY

Being unable to find a seat on the overcrowded train, a large woman went into the smoking car and sat down by the door.

The man next to her, absorbed in his newspaper, kept on smoking.

"I was foolish enough to suppose," said she, glowering at him, "that some of the men in here at least were gentlemen."

"Pardon me, madam," he answered politely, offering her a cigar.

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INGENUOUS

Marion came to the breakfast table late, and was scanned by the reproachful eyes of her mother.

"Did that young man kiss you last night, Marion?"

"Now, mother," said the very pretty girl, with a reminiscent smile, "do you suppose that he came all the way from Blue Rock to hear me sing?"

LIFE IS SO UNCERTAIN

A Jew owning a pawnshop had as a customer one morning a young man who said he wanted to buy a watch chain that would last him a lifetime. "Hef I got it? Shure I hef. Here is a grand bargain; so hellup me, I vos going to keep it for my son Ikey as a birthday present, but you're a goot customer so I'll let you hef it." "But say now, is that the goods, will it last a lifetime?" "Shure, shure; take my vird fer it, dot's a fine bargain und it vill last a lifetime." He bought the chain and took it home, but not having any use for it immediately, he left it in the box. About a week afterward he thought that he would sport his new chain, so went to the box, and on

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opening it found to his dismay the chain was all tarnished and even green. Then there was one angry young man. He couldn't get down to the Jew quickly enough; ran all the way, burst into his place with "Here you, what do you mean by selling me a chain that you said would last me a lifetime, and here not quite a week after it was bought, I take it out of the box and it's all tarnished? What have you got to say for yourself?" "Vell, I tell you, young man, ven you came in last vick to buy det chain, you set you wanted vun det vould last a lifetime. Vell, so hellup me, meester, ven you came in to me you looked so sick I tought you vould last about three days."

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL BY LOOKS

A Hebrew woman with a boy about ten climbed into an electric car. When the conductor came around for the fares, she handed him a nickel. He stared at the boy for a while and said, "Isn't that boy over five, madam?" "No, sare, no sare, not a veek ofer." "Well, he certainly looks it madam." "Vell, I tell you, meester, if you had det boy's trubbles you vould look much older too."

Here's a New One

A LARGE BUSINESS

A commercial traveler was bragging about the magnitude of the firm he represented.

"I suppose your house is a pretty big establishment?" said the customer.

"Big? You can't have any idea of its dimensions. Last week we took an inventory of the employees, and found out for the first time that three cashiers and four bookkeepers were missing. That will give you some idea of the magnitude of our business."

CRAFTY

First Englishman — "Why do you allow your wife to be a militant suffragette?"

Second Englishman — "When she's busy wrecking things outside we have comparative peace at home."

CRUELTY?

A Jew walking along a dock happened to slip and fall in; not being able to swim he started to yell "Safe me, safe me, I cain't svim, I cain't svim." An Irishman coming along at that moment, looked at the struggling Jew a second, and then blurted, "Well, nayther can I, but I don't go 'round braggin' about it."

Here's a New One

A NECESSARY RECEIPT

A French Canuck up before a judge was fined ten dollars for drunkenness, drinking too much split. He paid his fine but waited around the court-room. At last the judge asked him what he was waiting for. "I want a receipt for dat ten dollar I just give you." "Why, we don't give receipts. Get out." But still the Canuck did not move. At last the judge, becoming a little exasperated, said: "Say, what do you want that receipt for anyway?" "Well, Meester Jadge, I dell you. When I die I go to heaven like det, den St. Peter he cam out and say who is dis? Den I say, why, Joe Patour, and he say, now, Joe, did you pay all your bills when you were on airth? Dere, what I got to do den, chase all over hell for you?"

SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN

A very rich American went to London and met an Englishman, who — strangely enough — liked him, and asked him to his house.

The Englishman was a great collector of antiques, curiosities, etc., and showed the American, among other things, a table and a chair, and, pointing to them, said: "That table and that chair once belonged to Milton."

Here's a New One

"Really!" said the American, kneeling down and reverently kissing both table and chair.

"And," continued the Englishman, "that table was the very one on which that immortal classic, 'Paradise Lost,' was written."

"What was written?" questioned the guest.

"'Paradise Lost,' " was the reply.

"Who wrote it?"

"Milton," replied the host.

"Who did you say owned that table?"

"Milton," again answered the host.

"Gosh!" ejaculated the rich one, in a tone of disgust. "I thought you said Lipton."

STRICTLY BUSINESS

A Hebrew in a small Southern town, in the undertaking business, sat on his stool waiting for customers when in walked an Irishwoman with a little girl of about ten. "Have ye any boxes? Me ould mon shlipped away lasht noight and I want to buy one." "Hev we got dem, madam? shure, shure ve hev dem; here is a nice vun for hunderd feefty, here's a nice vun for de hunderd, here's vun for feefty, and here's vun for twenty-five, und say, lady, if you take vun for hunderd or hunderd feefty I trow in vun for your baby for nuttink."

Here's a New One

THE RICH HAVE THEIR TROUBLES

“ Say, Moritz, vot’s it de use a man should be rich? Only from troubles! When I was a poor feller, heppy mit de wife, who was lovink mit me, and de little children also was heppy, and we didn’t put it on no airs mit de neighbors and we didn’t gif it a tam for somebody. Now it’s all over a difference. Now I was from two years president of de matzoth trust, and I gotchmer an inventshun vot make a fine matzoths and costs you no more, and every person says it a good mornink on de street. De vife makes me I shall move from away de Goldshmit Court, where it ain’t so stylish, to live in a house mit from eight families togedder, and I go out to a place what is called Evrutt. Oi, dot’s it a town! All over from trolley cars and mit each house a gress around it, and say, Moritz, there ain’t more den tervelf hundred yeeden — or less. Fine! and de neighbors from away Goldshmit Court sticks up de nose and makes it faces on de street und says he’s got it a little money und he tinks he’s toney. De vife buys it curtains on de door, — lace? rags! for a hoondred dollars, rags! My daughter Rachel what is 18, must go to de privut schul, and mine son Abey, is it to go away from

Here's a New One

Halfdad Scullege, dot's it, Abey should go to Halfdad Scullege. My vife every Shabbes must go mit de daughter to de teater, and makes to call Rachel by a mishugar name Rochelle, and my son Abeyke, I shall call him A. Horatio Goldberg. Det's it a name for a Jew — A. Horatio Goldberg! And every Sattuday night comes home de vife from de teater mit a picture from a ektor — Mr. Poicy Levender — he's it a star. Say he's a rutten ektor. De vife sticks de picture on de table und every five minutes gifs it a look und says "Ain't he handsome, Rochelle?" und I hef to pay for dets. But I tell you, Moritz, it's a fine house I got it dere — why don't you come oud met de vife for a meals on Shabbes? Carpets all over velvut, mit silk coitins, indecent lights, two kinds of hot water, hot and cold running staircases, hut and cold janity service, station house tubs, und big marbles tub in de room for de coal. Only de vife von't keep de coal here, she keeps de curtains in it. My daughter Rachel she must take it a peeano lessans from a crazy guy mit hair like a lady. — Two doulers a hoor, peeano lessons. Oi Vay! She sits dere two doulers a hoor, and she learns it how she shall sing, my Got, a voice like a clem. "Do — ray — me^m — far — see — par's — roll — go." All de

Here's a New One

time nothing else. Und dot boy from mine, dot's A. Horatio Goldberg, I shall go to de scullege to see him be it a footballs player. Mine Got. Sits 15 houndred peupel, 15 houndred at least a tuzend! und on de gras is 22 fellers from scullege dressed like crazy. Und is a ball from pigs' feet they hef got und all at once they all begin to auchsun off de ball. Some one says 21 — 22 — 23. Abey must hef bid 24, because all at once he got de ball, und den efery one of dose 22 loafers dey yump on Abey. It's offal, vhen dey get up here is Abey on the ground und he can't move from limps. Und spits phlams from blood. Oi, den some mushugarmer goy behind he yells hooray for Goldberg, he gained it a yard. He gained it a yard — He lost it a foot, you dem fool."

THE MISS UNDERSTANDING

A Drama in One Dram

Scene, interior clothing store. Frosh — Let's see your new underwear.

Lady clerk (blushes) — Sir! (Recovering self-composure.) Knit?

Frosh — Why not?

(Quick curtain. Gallery goes wild.)

Here's a New One

RECRUITS

Jigson — "Hear you have had an addition to your family."

Nugson — "Yes, two."

Jigson — "Twins?"

Nugson — "No — a baby boy and my wife's mother."

ECONOMY

A Jew got into a train fifteen minutes before train time and immediately put his ticket in his mouth, and kept it there until the conductor came along and took it out, all the time pretending to be asleep. After the conductor took the ticket he "woke up." A friend of the same faith happened to notice all this and his inquisitiveness getting the better of him, he went over and said: "Say, Mr. Cohen, vot fer a bizness iss dis, keeping det ticket in de mout all de time?" "Sh, sh, say nuttink, but it vas an olt excursion ticket, und I vas licking off de date."

EXPERIENCED

Employer — "Do you know the duties of an office boy?"

Office Boy — "Yes, sir; wake up the book-keeper when I hear the boss coming."

Here's a New One

CHARITY UP TO DATE

“ Say, Louis, dey tell me you vas a charity man. You nefer did any charity in your life; vy, you nefer gafe a cent to anypody.” “ Iss it so? Vell, you listen to dis. Yesterday I vas standing it in front of Keith's Teater, ven a lady mit a leetle baby came by, and dey vere both crying. I say to the lady, ‘ Vat's de matter, madam? What are you and de baby crying apout? ’ ‘ Vell, sir,’ said the woman, ‘ my little baby is sick, and I have no money for the doctor.’ ‘ Vell, vell, dot's it alright! Here is fife tollars. You take det and go to de doctor mit de baby; he vill charge you two tollars and I vill wait here for de change.’ Vell, in a little vwhile she comes it back and gifes me three tollars und lots of thanks. Vell, she is heppy, for she hed for de baby a doctor; de baby is heppy, for she feels better; and de doctor he is also heppy, for he has had a patient. And I? Vell, I am heppy, too, for de fife tollar bill vas a counterfeit.”

HEAVEN BELOW

Suitor — “ I have no bad habits. I don't smoke or drink.”

Father — “ Neither has my daughter. She doesn't play or sing.”

Here's a New One

AN UNWRITTEN LAW

An Irishman and a Jew were having it out in court, and the case was going against the Jew. He was very much worried, and conferring with his lawyer said, "Say, Mr. Norton, dis case looks it bad for me, hey?" "Yes," answered the lawyer, "I am afraid we are going to lose." "Listen a minute; supposing I shall take it a box cigars and send it to de judge, don't you tink it shall help some mit de case?" "What are you talking about? You must be insane, intimidating the court; why, man alive, you would fare even worse." "Oh, all right, all right, dot vas just someting I had in my mind." The case came up and the Jew won. His lawyer immediately took him by the hand and congratulated him. "There, you see one can never tell; we won our case." "Vat, ve von it? No, sare, I von it." "What do you mean? I won it." This very angrily. "Shure I von de case. I send it de judge a box cigars, and put Mr. Casey's name on it."

MUNCHAUSEN, JR.

'Arold — "Who giv' yer yer black eye?"

Jimmie — "No one. I was lookin' thro' a knot-hole in the fence at a football match, an' got it sunburnt."

Here's a New One

SOLVED LIVING COST

"I understand your husband is a man of great abilities."

"He certainly is. He beat up four bill collectors yesterday so they can't come back for six months."

FRATERNAL

Jenkins, a newly wedded suburbanite, kissed his wife good-by the other morning, and, telling her he would be home at 6, got into his auto and started for town.

At 6 p. m. no hubby had appeared and the little wife began to get nervous. When the hour of midnight arrived she aroused her father and sent him off to the telegraph office with six telegrams to as many brother Elks living in town, asking each if her husband was stopping with him overnight.

As dawn appeared, a farm wagon containing a farmer and the derelict husband drove up to the house, while behind the wagon trailed the broken-down auto. Almost simultaneously came a messenger boy with an answer to one of the telegrams, followed at intervals by five others. All of them read:

"Yes, John is spending the night with me."

Here's a New One

INGENUITY

A Hebrew who had collected insurance for six different fires had put up another new store and immediately made a call on the agent of the insurance company to take out some more on his new venture. But this would not work so easily. The agent said, "No, Mr. Levin, you cannot have any more insurance. You are too great a risk. Why, you have had six fires already."

"Oh, det it iss alright; so hellup me I von't have another fire, no sare, not another fire; det vas de last vun. Only gif me my insurance." Well, they argued pro and con for an hour, and at last the agent said, "Well, Levin, I will tell you what I'll do with you. If you will allow me to put hand-grenades all over your store, I'll take another chance." "Hand-grenades?" spoke up Levin. "Vy, Meester Agent, you can put in hook and ladder companies, fire engines, hose carts, anyting, only gif it me my insurance." When the time came for him to open his store, hanging on the ceiling and on the walls were about two hundred hand-grenades. Levin was sitting in his store, the opening day, when a friend of his came in. "Hello, Levin, you hef a grandt place here, isn't it, fine and dendy;

There's a New One

but say, vat is all dose colored bottles alround der ceiling und der valls? Decorations?" "Oh, no, no," said Levin; "my insurance agent vud not gif it me my insurance papers unless I put dose tings up dere." "Vy, you don't say it; und vat vas in dem, Levin?" "Vot vas in dem I shall not know it, but dere is kerosene oil in dem now."

A DELICATE HINT

A jarvey was driving with an English visitor on a bitterly cold day in December through the wilds of Connemara. They became quite sociable on the way, and the native, in a burst of confidence, pointed out a shebeen where the "best potheen in Connaught" might be obtained. The Englishman, only too glad to get an opportunity of warming himself, offered refreshment, which offer was readily accepted.

"'Tis a very cold day in these parts, Pat," observed the tourist.

"'Tis, yer honor," replied Pat. He raised his glass, and the contents speedily vanished. "And there's truth in the old sayin'," he suggestively added, smacking his lips, "one swallow never made a summer."

Here's a New One

WHAT HE WAS DOING

That it is sometimes mighty easy to get the truth if we ask for it was demonstrated the other evening by a story told by George Otis Smith, director of the Geological Survey at Washington.

One afternoon a philanthropic party visited a public school in the poorer section of a big city, and, while making a study of the conditions in the knowledge factory, thought it proper to ask the youngsters a few questions.

"Can any little boy or girl tell me," said he very impressively, "what is the greatest of all the virtues?"

Nothing doing. Every bright little face looked as if the mind back of it was doing a hard piece of thinking, but there was no reply.

"We will try it again," encouragingly said the philanthropist. "What am I doing when I give up my time and pleasure to come and talk to you in your school?"

"I know now, mister!" exclaimed Johnny Smith, raising his hand and snapping his fingers.

"Well, what am I doing, little man?" smilingly asked the visitor.

"Buttin' in!" was the startling rejoinder of Johnny.

Here's a New One

THE DISADVANTAGES OF AN EDUCATION

The advantages of education are so numerous and so evident that they do not have to be proved. Occasionally, however, there are disadvantages as well.

The daughter had just returned from finishing school.

"That air," remarked her father, as they were sitting together in the dining-room.

"Father, dear," interrupted the girl, "it's vulgar to say 'that air.' You should say, 'That something there,' or preferably, just 'that.'"

"Well, this ear —" commenced her father.

"No," his daughter interrupted again. "That's just as vulgar. You must avoid such expressions as 'This 'ere —'"

"Look here, my girl," said her father, "I'm going to say exactly what I mean. That air is bad for this ear of mine, and I'm going to shut the window."

OH, ANSWER THE CHILD

"Pa, was Job a doctor?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?"

Here's a New One

HIS BUSINESS

"You insist that the officer arrested you while you were quietly attending to your own business?"

"Yes, your honor. He caught me suddenly by the collar, and threatened to strike me with his club unless I accompanied him to the station house."

"You say you were quietly attending to your own business, making no noise or commotion of any kind?"

"Yes, your honor."

"What is your business?"

"I'm a burglar."

AN ANNOYING SPEED LIMIT

An old man nearly eighty years old walked ten miles from his home to an adjoining town. When he reached his destination, he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance.

"You walked all the way!" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?"

"Oh, first rate!" the old man replied, genially. "That is, I did till I came to that sign out there, 'Slow down to fifteen miles an hour.' That kept me back some."

Here's a New One

AT REST AT LAST

In a recent long-drawn trial in New York the defense introduced a miner as a witness and went into a detailed inquiry as to his exact whereabouts for the past ten years. It was most wearisome. For a day and a half the lawyers asked this man to tell his wanderings year by year. Finally they got down to 1911 and asked him:

"What did you do on May 16, 1911?"

"I went to Cobalt."

"How long did you remain there?"

"I have been there ever since."

Juror Number Nine rose in his place and said fervently:

"Thank God!"

AN EMERGENCY

When a certain ducky of Mobile, Ala., announced his engagement to the dusky one of his choice, the congratulations that were showered upon him included a note of wonder.

"Joe," said one of these friends, "I shore is surprized! We-all never thought you'd speak up. It's going on two years sence you begun to fool around Miss Violet."

"Dat's true," said Joe; "but de fact is, old man, I didn't lose my job until last night."

There's a New One

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

The newly married young woman rushed into her father's presence and threw herself on her knees before him.

"Oh, papa!" she sobbed. "I have come for your forgiveness and blessing! It was wrong and undutiful of me, but I loved Richard so that I just had to elope with him. But I couldn't be happy till I had been reconciled with you, so here I am at your feet."

"Well, well," growled the old man, much affected in spite of himself, "I suppose I'll have to. But you are alone! Where is — er — Richard?"

"He's just outside, papa, dear, with the cabman. And now that you have forgiven us, please lend us enough to pay the horrid brute, so that he'll go away. You see, we had only enough money for the license and the minister."

AN EXPERIENCE

A very young wife, in a strange hotel, trying to find her husband, and thinking he was taking a bath, knocked on the bathroom door and said:

"Honey, are you there?"

And a strange masculine voice replied:

"Madam, this is not a bee hive, it's a bathroom!"

Here's a New One

ON THE WRONG CAR

Rastus was in New York for the first time, and wanted to go to the Polo Grounds to see a ball game. Getting on one car, he paid his nickel, rode half an hour, then, getting impatient, asked the conductor where he was going. Upon learning from that dignitary that he was on the wrong car and well over in Brooklyn, off he jumped, and took another car, which he was told would take him to the game. This time he landed at the Battery, very excited at his hard luck. The third time he caught a car, sat down, wiped the perspiration from his face, and began to cuss as only a full-born nigger can. A preacher sitting next to him heard him, looked over and said:

“Why, don't you know you're going straight to hell?”

Up jumped Rastus, made one dive for the door, stopping only long enough to shout to the preacher: “Fo' de Lawd's sake, massa, I is on de wrong car again!”

IMPORTANT

Wife (on an auto tour) — “That fellow back there said there is a roadhouse a few miles down the road. Shall we stop there?”

Husband — “Did he whisper it or say it out loud?”

Here's a New One

WANTED TO KNOW

A little slum child was enjoying his first glimpse of pastoral life.

The setting sun was gilding the grass and roses of the old-fashioned garden, and on a little stool he sat beside the farmer's wife, who was plucking a chicken.

He watched the operation gravely for some time. Then he spoke:

"Do yer take off their clothes every night, lady?"

WITH APOLOGIES TO MARY

Mary had a little cat,

'Twas white and black and yellow,
And pretty Mary loved it so
She never had a fellow.

Mary had a Thomas cat,

It warbled like Caruso;
A neighbor swung a baseball bat.
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

YOUR DEAL

"Wot was that last card Oi dealt ye, Moike?"

"A shpade."

"Oi knew it! Oi saw ye spit on yer hands before you picked it up."

Here's a New One

SUBTRACTION

The teacher was hearing the youthful class in mathematics.

"No," she said, "in order to subtract, things have to be in the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three pears from four peaches, nor eight horses from ten cats. Do you understand?"

There was assent from the majority of pupils. One little boy in the rear raised a timid hand.

"Well, Bobby, what is it?" asked teacher.

"Please, teacher," said Bobby, "couldn't you take three quarts of milk from two cows?"

LITERARY INSTINCTS

As Jones wended his uncertain way homeward, he pondered ways of concealing his condition from his wife.

"I'll go home and read," he decided. "Who ever heard of a drunken man reading a book?"

Later Mrs. Jones heard a noise in the library. "What in the world are you doing in there?" she asked.

"Reading, my dear," Jones replied cheerfully.

"You old idiot!" she said scornfully, as she looked in at the library door, "shut up that valise and come to bed."

Here's a New One

SHE KNEW WHY

An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes. She disbelieved it. Said one, "Go into the gallery and see."

She did so and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said, "But I will not enlarge."

The old woman cried out from her lofty position, "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's give oot!"

BUSINESS HEAD

"Open the window, waiter; I am roasting," a customer exclaimed who had just dined at a Paris restaurant.

"Shut it up, waiter; I am frozen," protested a man who had just sat down.

The waiter hesitated. The proprietor settled the dispute at once.

"Obey the customer who has not yet dined," he said.

A MAKESHIFT

"Look here, Mose; I thought you were going to be baptized into the Baptist Church?"

"Yaas, sah, I was. But I's bein' sprinkled into de 'Piscopal till de summer comes."

Here's a New One

THAT'S THE QUESTION

"Here is a story of a Chicago woman who says that present marriage laws make woman the slave of man," said the square-jawed matron as she looked up from the newspaper.

"Why don't they enforce the law, then?" meekly asked Mr. Henpecke.

WANTED TO SWAP

Two Kansas city lawyers, whose names are withheld for obvious reasons, declare that they were present when the following incident occurred:

Uncle Mose was a chronic thief who usually managed to keep within the petty larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny.

"Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court.

"No, sah."

"Well, to be perfectly fair, I'll appoint a couple. Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown will act as counsel."

"What's dat?"

"Act as your lawyers — consult with them and prepare to tell me whether you are guilty or not guilty."

"Yas, sah."

Here's a New One

Mose talked to his attorneys for a few moments in husky whispers. The judge caught only the word *alibi*, several times repeated. Then Mose arose, scratched his head, and addressed the court:

"Judge, yoh Honah," he said. "Cou'se Ah's only an ign'ant niggah, an' Ah don' want toh bothah yoh Honah, but Ah would suttinly like toh trade, yoh Honah, one ob dese yeah lawyers foh a witness."

FLY IN THE OINTMENT

Two Glasgow women, meeting one day, fell into conversation, and the one said to the other:

"Aye, Mrs. McTavish, an' so Jeanie's got marriet!"

"She has that, Mrs. McAlpine."

"An' how's she getting on?"

"Oh, no sae bad at a'. There's only one thing the matter. She canna bide her man! But, then, there's aye something."

BRIGHT, OR LAZY

"Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography."

"No, mum; I heard pa say the map of the world was changing every day an' I thought I'd wait a few years, till things got settled."

Here's a New One

ALL ABOARD

The Ark was manned and well equipped
And waiting for the tide;
You'd Noah most peculiar crowd
Of creatures were inside.
The social lion had his place,
The deadly boar was there,
The rat was very plainly seen
Beneath the little hare.
The golf lynx and the legal seal
Stood by the hobby horse;
The end-seat hog was blocking up
The passageway, of course.
The German stag, the Irish bull,
Also the Latin shark,
The sad bird and the gay bird,
The lobster on a lark,
The scapegoat and the bookworm,
The rabbit a la Wales,
The fire dogs and the night hawk
Were hauling up the sails.

SETTING HER RIGHT

Angry Purchaser — Didn't you tell me that
you had got as many as twelve eggs in one day
from those eight hens you sold me?

Poultry Raiser — Yes, ma'am.

There's a New One

Angry Purchaser — Then why is it that I'm never able to get more than two eggs from them, and sometimes not so many in one day?

Poultry Raiser — I don't know, ma'am, unless it's because you look for eggs too often. Now, if you look for them only once a week, I feel quite positive that you will get just as many eggs in one day as I did.

HELPING HIM OUT

Mr. Dippy — I wish to do something to show my regard for your sister, but I can't think of what she might like the best, so I thought I'd ask you to help me out.

Miss Snippy — Well, if you want to do something that will please her more than anything else, you might stop hanging around here six nights a week and give some other fellow a chance.

THE PACE THAT KILLS

A youth of fifteen whose father was occasionally given to the use of profanity in his home, contracted the same habit, much to the disturbance of both his parents.

Here's a New One

His mother, concluding that something must be done to prevent it becoming an established habit, made a rule that after a certain date, a fine of two cents should be paid her for every profane word used. Owing, however, to the fact that all the family were good Universalists, a compromise was reached on the words "devil" and "hell," the fine for these being placed at one cent.

The first night's settlement found the father owing two cents and the son five cents, but nobody had any pennies. The son refused to pay his part unless his father paid also. Finally, when all hope of an adjustment had passed, the son spoke up. "Say, Dad, be a sport. Go to it; make it even five cents — you can get two damns and a hell for a nickel."

THE PROVIDENT DARKY

"The darky," says a Southern congressman, "although proverbially improvident, sometimes has his weather-eye open.

"In Mobile, one day, I gave a quarter to a colored youth, who had done me some trifling service. The coin was handed back to me. 'Excuse me, boss,' said the negro; 'yo' knows I don't want no pay fo' what I does fo' yo'. Yo' jes' gimme dat ole suit of clothes yo' has on.' "

Here's a New One

A POOR PROVIDER

The daughter of the family had received a proposal of marriage, and the momentous subject was being discussed at the breakfast table the next morning.

"Say, dad," spoke up Freddie, "I don't believe sister's feller will make a good husband."

"What makes you think so, my boy?" asked his father, with a smile.

"Why," returned Freddie, "he's been coming here for over a year, and in all that time he's given me only seventeen cents."

TONSORIAL ART

Barber — Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

Victim (in chair) — Who's Jim?

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been broodin' over the hard times, an' I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a great deal, too. No money in this business now."

"What's the reason?"

Here's a New One

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo, it doesn't pay to shave or hair-cut. Poor Jim, I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"

"Yes!"

A DARK PLOT

Members of a certain club in New York tell of a conversation that was heard to occur between two members just before Christmas.

"Sam," said one, "I understand from my wife that you and Mrs. Blank are to call upon us to-night."

"I believe some such arrangement has been made," said the other member.

Whereupon the first member knit his brows in deep reflection and fidgeted nervously in his chair.

"Sam," said he finally, "I am going to ask a favor of you. Please do not let your wife wear her new sables. The fact is, that at this particular time, I don't want my wife to see them."

"Why, Dick," smiled the other member, "that was what we were coming for."

Here's a New One

A FINE JOKE

Stopping the sporty student, who was having a hot time scorching over the speedway with a fast bunch, the country constable brought him before the judge.

"Hm-m!" growled the justice. "You were here yesterday, and it cost you ten. College student, aren't you?"

"Yes, your honor. I have had three years of culture."

"And, therefore, you should be refined."

"I am," said the defendant, as hopes of escaping with his pocketbook uninjured arose.

"You are!" retorted the judge. "Fifty dollars!"

FATAL ADMISSION

A man who had been troubled with bronchitis for a long time, called on a rather noted doctor. After a few questions, the doctor told him he had a very common ailment that would readily yield to treatment.

"You're so sure you can cure my bronchitis," said the man, "you must have had great experience with it."

"Why, my dear sir," confided the doctor, "I've had it myself for over twenty years!"

Here's a New One

A MISUNDERSTANDING

Indignant customer (pushing his way into tailor shop and throwing down a package) — Say, you, give me back my money! These new trousers have a patch in the rear!

Agitated tailor — Why, sir, I thought you wanted them to have a patch in the rear. You told me to include the latest novelty. That patch is made of a material that you can light safety matches on.

WHAT HE WAS

Miss Chatterson — I hear you've been operating in the stock market. Were you a bull or a bear?

Mr. Smatterson — Neither. I was the goat.

EASY

"Have any trouble naming the baby?"

"Not at all. We've only one rich relative of her sex."

SIMILAR

Bacon — Huxley said that an oyster is as complicated as a watch.

Egbert — Well, I know both of them run down easily.

There's a New One

AWFUL BLUNDER

A nice but not especially clever young man went to a little evening party in the East End last week — so the story goes.

This young man was introduced to several pretty girls, but he showed a distinct preference for a certain one of these, and her he led to supper and distinguished among all others by his favors. Finally he got her into a corner and stammered forth his admiration, thus:

“ I like you a lot! ”

“ Why do you like me? ”

“ You're the only college girl I ever liked.”

“ But why am I? ”

“ Aw — all the other college girls seem to know so much! ”

EDGAR KNEW THEM

The teacher was hearing her class of small boys in mathematics.

“ Edgar,” she said, “ if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your Uncle William can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them to do it? ”

“ They would never get done,” answered the boy, earnestly. “ They would sit down and tell fish stories.”

Here's a New One

AN IRISH GUIDE

The Cork driver had a brother in Dublin who got a chance (and took it) of explaining the sights of the town to a "stranger." The stranger was an Englishman, and as the car was passing the post-office, he said to the jarvey: "This is a very fine building."

"Och, sor," said he, with a truly Irish bull, "but ye should see the front. This is the back — the front's behind."

"Then, what are those figures on the roof?" asked the Englishman.

"These, sor," replied the Jehu, "are the twelve apostles."

"The twelve apostles!" repeated the tourist; "there are only three."

"Ach, sure," said Pat in a tone that indicated anything was good enough for an Englishman; "the rest are inside sortin' the letters, sor."

SOMETIMES LESS

"Twice did Smith refuse to take a drink on conscientious grounds."

"Then the third time he should have felt justified in taking one."

"Why so?"

"Because three scruples make one dram."

There's a New One

SICK OF LOVE

A Washington woman has in her employ as butler a colored man of a pompous and satisfied mien, who not long ago permitted a damsel, long his ardent admirer, to become his spouse.

One day when the mistress of the house had occasion to temporarily avail herself of the services of the butler's wife, it was observed that whenever the duties of the two brought them in conjunction the bride's eyes would shine with extraordinary devotion.

"Your wife seems wonderfully attached to you, Thomas," casually observed the mistress of the house.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Thomas, complacently. "Ain't it jest sickenin'?"

CAREFUL

An Irish politician had just returned from a trip abroad. A friend met him and inquired:

"Did you have a fine time, Mike?"

"Of course I did."

"Did you visit the theatres in Paris?"

"Sure, I was in all of 'em."

"Well, tell me, Mike, and did ye see any pommes de terre?"

"No. I had the wife with me all the time."

Here's a New One

ADVISING THE COURT

A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked him how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house, when there was a dog in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be of no use, judge," said the man, "to try to 'splane dis ting to you all. Ef you was to try it, you like as not would get yer hide full o' shot an' git no chickens, nuther. Ef you want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' bettah stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."

NO LICENSE NECESSARY

The defendant, who was held on the charge of keeping a dog without a license, repeatedly tried to interrupt the evidence, but was hushed each time by the court. Finally, the clerk turned to him:

"Do you wish the court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license? "

"Yes, but — "

"We want no 'buts.' You must renew your license or be fined. You know it expired on January 1."

"Yes, but so do the dog."

There's a New One

THE NUT CRACKER

Mrs. Cooke had a new servant, and after the first cake was baked the mistress went to the kitchen.

"Delia," said Mrs. Cooke, "your cake was very good, but there were not enough nuts in it. When you make another, please remember I like plenty of nuts in the cake."

"Well, mum," replied the girl, "the reason I didn't put more in was because I couldn't crack any more to-day. Indeed, mum, an' my jaw hurts yet from them I did crack."

SIBILANT PRAISE

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m-man alive, I w-was-n't h-hissing! I w-was s-s-simply s-s-s-saying to S-s-s-sammie that the s-s-s-singing is s-s-s-superb."

Half the world don't know how their better halves live, and if they are wise, won't try to find out.

Here's a New One

SPARRING FOR TIME

"Will you be my wife?" begged the infatuated youth.

"I will let you know in a week," temporized the beauteous maiden.

"Why not now?"

"Gee, you gotto gimme time to break my other engagements, aintcher?" said the girl, forgetting her grammar for the nonce.

The young man couldn't do anything but acquiesce, could he? And who are we to read minds and say what he thought?

INDIANS AND INDIANS

Mr. Porkington, of Chicago, visiting in New York, was introduced to a lady as from that growing town.

"Ah!" she smiled, with the keen cynicism of the effete East. "From Chicago? I suppose you have Indians out there?"

"Yes, madam, some," he replied humbly.

"Ah! Aren't you afraid of being scalped?"

"Not now, madam; not now," he responded, with profound sincerity. "I was, before I came to New York; but having been skinned as I have by these New York Indians, I consider scalping by our Chicago brand as a mere bagatelle."

Then there was a lull in the conversation.

Here's a New One

PRECISION

President Wilson, at a dinner in Washington, said of a statistician:

"His figures are so precise that one inclines to doubt them. He is like the American sugar planter in Hawaii, who, taking a friend to the edge of a volcano, said:

" 'That crater, George, is just seventy thousand and four years old.'

" 'But why the four?' George asked.

" 'Oh, I've been here four,' was the reply. 'It was seventy thousand when I came.' "

TAKING NO CHANCES

Cautious Storekeeper:

"I see you have mushrooms," she said, as she stopped in front of a grocery.

"Yes'm, they are said to be mushrooms," was the reply of the grocer.

"But aren't they? "

"I'm not going to say, madam. They may be or may not."

"Oh, I see! You think they may be toadstools? "

"They may be."

"And would kill those who ate them? "

"Exactly."

Here's a New One

"I remember to have read that a score or more of people in New York ate toadstool and died."

"I read the same thing, madam."

"And so — so —"

"So there they are. If they are real mushrooms, you get a bargain at the price asked; if they are toadstools, your heirs can't get a cent out of me, for everything is in my wife's name."

The woman said she would take two beets and a carrot, and let it go at that.

IN BAD

Young Jack was talking to the new visitor soon after her arrival. He eyed her critically for a few moments, then looked up and said:

"So you're my grandmother, are you?"

"Yes, dear. On your father's side," remarked the old lady, smiling.

"Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll find that out," replied Jack, without removing his gaze.

A CHANGE OF CLIMATE

The bellboy jumped as he heard the bell,
And he scented another dime.

As he ran for the stairs, he said in glee,
"I am called to another climb."

Here's a New One

APPRECIATED BREVITY

Doctor Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match — in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh one day, and showed a hand badly inflamed and swollen, when the following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

“ Burn? ”

“ Bruise.”

“ Poultice.”

The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:

“ Better? ”

“ Worse.”

“ More poultice.”

Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation occurred:

“ Better? ”

“ Well. Fee? ”

“ Nothing!” exclaimed the doctor. “ Most sensible woman I ever met.”

RAPID WORK

Residents in rival cities, Jones and Brown were bragging hard about the excellence of their respective homes.

“ Take our fire brigade,” said Jones, after an

Here's a New One

hour's heated discussion. "Do you know, the other day a fire broke out in our town, and within three minutes the engine came along, but it was going so fast that the driver couldn't pull up till he was a mile past the burning house."

Brown smiled in a superior fashion.

"My dear fellow, that's nothing," he said.

"One day two men were working on a church steeple in my city, and suddenly one of them slipped. A terrible death would have been his, but a spectator had the presence of mind to call the fire brigade on the telephone, and they came just in time to catch him in a blanket."

EXPERIENCED

The ladies were discussing a wedding which took place in their church the previous evening.

"And do you know," continued the first and best-informed lady of the party, "just as Frank and the widow started up the aisle to the altar every light in the church went out."

This startling bit of information was greeted by a number of "Oh's!"

"What did the couple do then?" finally inquired one who beat the others out in regaining her breath.

"Kept on going. The widow knew the way."

Here's a New One

AN UNFRIENDLY TIP

It was the first night of a barnstorming troupe in a small Western town, billed to play the remainder of the week.

The villain dragged the shrinking heroine down the stage to the footlights, and in her ear he hissed: "Are we alone?"

And from the meagre audience came a wearied growl: "Not to-night, you ain't; but you will be to-morrow night."

WOULD HE?

("I am very fond of limericks." — Woodrow Wilson.)

Mr. Wood of N. J. lived at Wood Row,
And he'd row o'er the lake to see Woodrow,
But if Woodrow some day
Were to ask Wood, now pray
Would Wood row Woodrow o'er to Wood Row?

BEFORE HER TIME

Little Alice came in the house at luncheon-time with a pair of very dirty hands. Her mother looked at the little girl's hands and said:

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours."

"No, mother," replied the child, "but grandmother did."

Here's a New One

A TRUTHFUL STORY-TELLER

William had been to Catalina with his mother, and had enjoyed the trip in the glass-bottom boat. He was telling about it to a little friend.

"Yes, Edgar, we could see the fish laying on the bottom of the ocean!"

"Lying, dear," put in his mother.

"No, I'm not, mother," he replied stoutly.

HIS NAME

She ransacked every novel,

And the dictionary, too,

But nothing ever printed

For her baby's name would do;

She hunted appellations

From the present and the past,

And this is what she named him

When they christened him at last:

Julian Harold Egbert

Ulysses Victor Paul

Algernon Marcus Cecil

Sylvester George McFall.

But after all the trouble

She'd taken for his sake,

His father called him Fatty,

And his schoolmates called him Jake.

Here's a New One

CULTIVATING THE FORK

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, dressed after the best English manner in a black, tight, long-tailed morning coat, dark trousers, gray topped boots, and a silk hat worn at a rakish backward angle, discussed at the horse show his project of living part of the time abroad.

"Why shouldn't one live a lot abroad?" he said. "They are not so bad over there. In dress, in books, in plays, in music — really, you know, in nearly everything they are not so bad. I fear we underrate them. I fear we are all too prone to regard the foreigner as he is regarded in the story of Count Sans Terre.

"'Why, count,' cried a friend, 'look at your face! Such rapier cuts! Don't you know that duelling is going out of fashion?'

"'I have not been duelling,' growled the count. 'It's my American wife. She makes me eat with a fork.'"

USELESS TO TRY

Needing some ribbon one day, while in a very small Southern town, we went to the one store there.

"Ribbon?" questioned the storekeeper.
"Well, we-all just mislaid our stock of ribbons,

Here's a New One

but if you-all come back later, I'll see if I can find them."

So back we went later. He had found them.

"What color did you-all want?"

"Blue," we replied.

"Oh, blue!" he exclaimed in disgust. "We haven't got any blue. Blue is so popular we don't even try to keep it."

HIS RIVAL

It happened in front of the village post-office.

An old farmer was holding his frightened team while an automobile rushed by.

"Queer how horses are so skeered of them things," said one of the loafers.

"Queer?" grumbled the farmer. "What would you do if you should see my pants coming down the street with nothing in them?"

ANENT THE FLEA

How doth the little busy flea

Delight to jump and bite!

He's never where he seems to be —

He's always out of sight!

The things the flea has done to me

Are not a cause for laughter;

I've cussed him till I plainly see

My place in the hereafter.

Here's a New One

A WILD THROW

Judge M. W. Pinckney, at a recent banquet, recalled an incident to show that there is some humor associated with such a serious thing as the law. In Dawson City, a colored man, Sam Jones by name, was on trial for felony. The judge asked Sam if he desired the appointment of a lawyer to defend him.

"No, sah," said Sam. "I's gwine to throw myself on the ignorance of the cote."

TRY IT

Bee Master (to pupil who has just brushed off bee which stung him) — Ah! You shouldn't do that; the bee will die now. You should have helped her to extract her sting, which is spirally barbed, by gently turning her round and round.

Pupil — All very well for you, but how do I know which way she unscrews?

A DULL DOG

There is a very sweet girl in a Kansas town who stutters dreadfully. One night not long ago when her beau was leaving, she accompanied him to the porch and said: "George, are you coming again next S-s-s-s-s —"

The dog was on the porch. After George was

Here's a New One

half a mile down the road, with the dog gaining on him at every leap, it occurred to him that possibly the young lady had intended to say "Sunday" instead of "Seize him;" but it didn't occur to the dog for as much as a mile or so beyond that.

IMMUNE

The Hon. Tim Sullivan of Tammany fame tells of a young philosopher he encountered not long ago on the street.

This lad was of diminutive size, and carried under his arm such a load of newspapers that the Hon. Tim was moved to pity.

"Son," asked the Tammanyite, "don't all those papers make you tired?"

"Nope," cheerfully replied the bit of humanity; "I can't read."

THE ULTRA RICH

Mrs. Richley had recently purchased a suburban estate, and was entertaining a poor relation, who remarked:

"What splendid fowls! Do they lay well?"

"Oh, they can lay beautifully," remarked the hostess, "but of course in our position they don't have to."

Here's a New One

COULDN'T FEAZE HIM

While Governor Foss of Massachusetts was in the South one winter, he met an old colored man who claimed he had known George Washington.

The Governor, quite amused, asked the old fellow if he was in the boat when George Washington crossed the Delaware. The old man said:

"Oh, Lor', massa, it was me dat steered dat boat."

The Governor, not to be outdone, then asked:

"And do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry tree?"

The colored man was lost in thought for a moment, then, with a beaming smile, he said:

"Why, suah, massa, I dun drove dat hack mahself."

AN ORDEAL

"Bach" Smith had been invited in to look at the new-born babe of friend Jones, and having forgotten the sex of the infant prodigy, here was his masterpiece of an opinion:

"Well, well, but he's a fine little fellow, isn't she? How old is it now? Do her teeth bother him much? I hope he gets through its second summer all right. She looks like you, doesn't he? Every one says it does." And then fled precipitately.

Here's a New One

COUSINS TO SOLOMON

The story is told of a well-known traveler who on one journey was much annoyed by a pedantic bore who forced himself upon him and made a great parade of his learning. The traveler bore it as long as he could, and at length, looking at him gravely, said:

“My friend, you and I know all that is to be known.”

“How is that?” said the man, pleased with what he thought a complimentary association.

“Why,” said the traveler, “you know everything except that you are a fool, and I know that.”

SHE WAS WILLING TO HELP

The charming wife of a French diplomat had never thoroughly mastered the English language. She was urging an American naval officer to attend a dinner, the invitation to which he had already declined. The lady insisted that he must go, but the young officer said he could not possibly do so, as he had “burned his bridges behind him.”

The lady misunderstood the word.

“That will be all right,” she exclaimed; “I will lend you a pair of my husband’s.”

Here's a New One

HONORABLE BUT REMOTE

A man well past middle life, who had spent his years getting rich and who had never had any time to devote to the ladies and similar frivolities, began paying attention to a certain young lady. Her father, a prudent man, waited for what he considered a reasonable time for the suitor to propose. But the suitor seemed satisfied with things as they were, so father took the matter into his own hands. "Cyrus, you've been settin' up with Dora, takin' her to picnics, and to church and buggy-ridin' as though you'd had the inside track. An' nothin's come of it. Now I'd like to know your intentions, as man to man."

"Well, I'll tell you as man to man, and there ain't no cause for you to ruffle your shirt. My intentions is honorable — but remote."

GENEROSITY

X A large, husky negro and a small Frenchman were sawing a large piece of timber for the Boston subway with a heavy crosscut saw, each in turn pulling it back and forth. A pugilistic Irishman stopped to watch the operation. After a few moments he strolled up to the negro, and dealt him a blow, saying: "Give the saw to the little fellow if he wants it."

There's a New One

WHICH ANIMAL?

One afternoon little Alice went out for a walk with her mother. A very dirty organ-grinder was near the curb. He had a long beard, and was particularly unkempt-looking. The man had a monkey on a string, and Alice's mother gave her a penny to give to the little animal.

"Step up to him and give him the penny," said the mother.

Alice hesitated for a moment, and then turning to her mother, asked very gravely:

"Which one shall I give it to, mother? The monkey or his father?"

COULDN'T BEAT THAT

An American was boasting to an Irishman about the fastness of American trains.

"Why, Pat," said the American, "we run our trains so fast in America that the telegraph poles look like a continuous fence."

"Do they now?" said Pat. "Well, sir, I was wan day on a train in Ireland, and as we passed first a field of turnips, then wan of carrots, then wan of cabbage and then a large pond of water, we were goin' that fast I thought it was broth!"

Here's a New One

WHAT IS THE ANSWER

Senator Borah was talking at a dinner in Boise about an embarrassing question that had been asked at Chicago.

"The question," he said, smiling, "went unanswered. It was like little Willie's query.

"A young gentleman was spending the weekend at little Willie's cottage at Atlantic City, and on Sunday evening after dinner, there being a scarcity of chairs on the crowded piazza, the young gentleman took Willie on his lap.

"Then, during a pause in the conversation, little Willie looked up at the gentleman and piped:

" 'Am I as heavy as sister Mabel? ' "

POSITIVE PROOF

An Irishman and a Scot were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, "they toor down an auld castle in Scotland and foond manny wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was knoon there hoondreds o' years ago."

"Well," said Pat, "they toor down an ould castle in Oireland, and begorra there was no wires found undher it, which shows that they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds av years ago."

Here's a New One

LETTER WRITING IS NOT A LOST ART

This is a copy of a real letter written by a freshman at the University of Kansas to the loved ones at home:

“Dear Mother: I must have a gymnasium suit and a pair of tennis shoes; please send them to me. If I get them here I will have to pay for them out of my allowance. Also send along three ties, a pair of gloves, a laundry bag and a lounging jacket — of course I wouldn't think of getting a smoking jacket. I am sending a pattern for a fraternity pillow, which please embroider and return. And, say, mother, kindly slip me a five occasionally, as Dad does not give me a very liberal allowance. Now, you do not deserve this letter, as you have not written this week, so I am not going to write you another word. Your loving son, — ”

HIS EXPLANATION

A Scotchman visiting in America stood gazing at a fine statue of George Washington, when an American approached.

“That was a great and good man, Sandy,” said the American; “a lie never passed his lips.”

“Weel,” said the Scot, “I praysume he talked through his nose like the rest of ye.”

Here's a New One

NATURE AND NECESSITY

Those who have ever hunted flats in New York know well that till a rental of five thousand or six thousand dollars a year is reached flats are incredibly cramped. Indeed, in a good neighborhood even a five thousand dollar flat is likely to be a tiny one.

Discussing this phenomenon, Professor Brander Matthews said at a luncheon:

"I remarked to a lady the other day:

" 'Why, madam, your dog wags his tail up and down!'

" 'Yes,' she replied, 'he has to. We are comparatively poor, you see, and Fido was raised in a five thousand dollar flat.' "

MIGHT AS WELL AND SAVE THE TROUBLE

The wealthy old lady was very ill and sent for her lawyer to make her will. "I wish to explain to you," she said weakly, "about disposing of my property."

The lawyer was sympathetic. "There, there, don't worry about it," he said soothingly; "just leave it to me."

"Oh, well," said the old lady resignedly, "I suppose I might as well. You'll get it anyway."

Here's a New One

SHE DID

The young girl sat in her bedroom reading and waiting impatiently. Her older sister was entertaining a young man in the parlor and she wanted to know how it would terminate. At last there was a sound in the hall, and a crash as of a closing door made it plain to the girl that the young man had gone. Throwing down her book, she ran to the head of the stairs and peered eagerly and intently into the blackness of the hall beneath.

"Well, Maude," she called, "did you land him? "

There was a peculiar silence and then a masculine voice responded:

"She did."

HOW HE TOOK THE PICKLE

The physician had been treating a man for dyspepsia for a long time, and finally, wishing to know how his patient was coming on, he told him to take a dill pickle just before going to bed and see if he could hold it on his stomach over night. The next day the man called, and the physician asked him the result.

"Oh, it was all right, Doctor," he said, "as long as I was awake; but when I went to sleep it rolled off."

Here's a New One

A LEGAL OPINION

"A cat sits on my back fence every night and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I don't want to have any trouble with neighbor Jones, but this thing has gone far enough, and I want you to tell me what to do."

The young lawyer looked as solemn as an old sick owl, and said not a word.

"I have a right to shoot the cat, haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied young Coke Blackstone. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

"No, but the fence does."

"Then," concluded the light of law, "I think it is safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

THE DEVOTED WIDOW

The accomplished and obliging pianist had rendered several selections, when one of the admiring group of listeners in the hotel parlor suggested Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Several people echoed the request, but one lady was particularly desirous of hearing the piece, explaining that her husband had belonged to that very regiment.

Here's a New One

THE CAUTIOUS SCOT

A Scotsman went to a solicitor, laid before him a question, and asked him if he could undertake the case.

"Certainly," replied the solicitor. "I will readily undertake the case. We're sure to win."

"So ye really think it's a good case?"

"Most decidedly, my dear sir. I am prepared to guarantee that you will secure a favorable verdict."

"Ah, weel, I'm much obliged tae ye, but I dinna think I'll go tae law this time, for, you see, the case I've laid before ye is my opponent's."

WAR ALARM

Little Tommy, at the "movies," saw a tribe of Indians painting their faces, and asked his mother the significance of this.

"Indians," his mother answered, "always paint their faces before going on the warpath — before scalping and tomahawking and murdering."

The next evening, after dinner, as the mother entertained in the parlor her daughter's young man, Tommy rushed downstairs wide-eyed with fright.

"Come on, mother," he cried. "Let's get out of this quick! Sister is going on the war-path!"

There's a New One

GETTING EVEN WITH THE RECTOR

An Episcopal clergyman, rector of a fashionable church in one of Boston's most exclusive suburbs, could not be bothered with the innumerable telephone calls that fall to one in his profession, so he had his name left out of the telephone book. A prominent merchant of the same name, living in the same suburb, was continually annoyed by requests to officiate at funerals and baptisms. He went to the rector, told his troubles in a kindly way, and asked the parson to have his name put in the directory. But without success.

The merchant then determined to complain to the telephone company. As he was writing the letter, one Saturday evening, the telephone rang and the timid voice of a young man asked if the Rev. Mr. Blank would marry him at once. A happy thought came to the merchant: "No, I'm too damn busy writing my sermon," he replied.

NO HELP NEEDED

"What would you do if I should kiss you?" asked the young man.

"Do?" said the girl. "I'd scream for help."

"Oh, don't bother," said he. "I can do it without any help."

Here's a New One

AN EXPENSIVE LIBRARY

Robert Ingersoll was famous for the library of infidel books which he possessed. One day a reporter called on Mr. Ingersoll for an interview, and among other questions asked was:

"Would you mind telling me how much your library cost you, Mr. Ingersoll?"

Looking over at his shelves he answered:

"Well, my boy, these books cost me anyhow the Governorship of Illinois, and perhaps the Presidency of the United States!"

SIMPLIFIED

Boston Five-Year-Old — Father, what is the exact meaning of the verse beginning "Jack Sprat could eat no fat?"

Father — In simple terms it is as follows: Jack Sprat could assimilate no adipose tissue. His wife, on the other hand, possessed an aversion for the more muscular portions of epithelium. And so between them both, you see, they removed all the foreign substances from the surface of that utilitarian utensil, commonly called platter. Does that make it clear, son?

Boston Five-Year-Old — Perfectly, father. The lack of lucidity in these Mother Goose rhymes is amazingly apparent!

There's a New One

CHERISHED MEMENTOES

Senator Clapp, at a dinner in Washington, chuckled over the appearance before his committee of Colonel Roosevelt.

"The Colonel," he said, "certainly got back at everybody. He reminded me of the Irishman.

"A friend of mine, traveling in Ireland, stopped for a drink of milk at a white cottage with a thatched roof, and, as he sipped his refreshment, he noted, on a center table under a glass dome, a brick with a faded red rose upon the top of it.

" 'Why do you cherish in this way,' my friend said to his host, 'that common brick and that dead rose?'

" 'Shure, sir,' was the reply, 'there's certain memories attachin' to them. Do ye see this dent in my head? Well, it was made by that brick.'

" 'But the rose?' said my friend.

"His host smiled quietly.

" 'The rose,' he explained, 'is off the grave of the man that threw the brick.' "

MORE FITTING

A young lady and her fiance were waiting for a street car. After several cars had passed that they were unable to get aboard the young man became impatient. He waved frantically

Here's a New One

at the next car as it hove in sight, then leaped upon the platform and said in a pleading voice: "Come on, Helen; we can manage to squeeze in here, can't we?"

She blushed faintly, but sweetly replied: "I suppose we can, dear, but don't you think we'd better wait until we get home?"

NOT NEEDED

While a traveling man was waiting for an opportunity to show his samples to a merchant in a little backwoods town in Missouri, a customer came in and bought a couple of night-shirts. Afterwards a long, lank lumberman, with his trousers stuffed in his boots, said to the merchant:

"What was them 'ere that feller bot?"

"Night-shirts. Can I sell you one or two?"

"Naup, I reckon not," said the Missourian.

"I don't set around much o' nights."

GREAT CLIMAX

"How was the play you saw last night?"

"Pretty melodramatic. In the second act, when the skulking villain descends upon Hickory Farm and forecloses the mortgage on old Uncle Zeke's automobile, there was hardly a dry eye in the house."

Here's a New One

FOR A SCENT

A grouchy butcher, who had watched the price of porterhouse steak climb the ladder of fame, was deep in the throes of an unusually bad grouch when a would-be customer, eight years old, approached him, and handed him a penny.

"Please, mister, I want a cent's worth of sausage."

Turning on the youngster with a growl, he let forth this burst of good salesmanship:

"Go smell o' the hook!"

MIGHT HAVE BEENS

"I might have married a millionaire," declared Everywoman. "One of my old schoolmates is now one."

"And several of your schoolmates are working right in this town for \$10 a week," retorted Everyman, "while one of them is in jail. I guess in marrying a chap getting \$1,500 a year your average is fairly good."

And then Everybaby set up a howl and they had to stop quarreling to attend to him.



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